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They Fascinate Now More Than the Typewriter Once Did.

The manicure operator is fast taking the place once held solely by the typewriter—that is to say, it is a part of her business to have a gift for flirting, for sly glances, for sighs and giggles at unfunny jokes and stories, hers not to question why, or to have anything to say, but simply to listen and to applaud with her smiles. Upon her general good nature and her responsiveness depends the size of the tip which she receives, for these magnificent creatures do take tips, and the number of invitations to the theater and to dinner which she gets in a week is legion.

The fact is, she works for this kind of favor far more earnestly than for a legitimate success. The small salaries paid in this business are proverbial, but the opportunities are numberless, and the young women who take it up are generally good looking, well dressed and have a superficial kind of style picked up from the swell demimondaines who frequent the manicures religiously once a week. I have seen a number of innocent looking, pretty girls, new to the business, develop into gorgeously apparelled creatures with blackened eyebrows and chemical hair. Then they graduate from the profession, and no-vititates take their places. They have learned the lesson.

"Do you have very much fun in this business?" I asked a happy looking girl as she "treated" my nails the other day. "Fun? Well, I should say so," she replied enthusiastically. "I am going out to dinner tonight with Mr. —, president of the — company. I tell you, he's the best friend we have. He takes one of us out every evening, and he's a perfect gentleman. Married? Oh, yes; his wife comes here, a lovely woman! He likes Miss A. — best, though. She's such a popular girl! On Saturday afternoons she always has a line of gentlemen waiting their turn. She really has more invitations than she can accept. She's so popular! Miss B. — is going on the stage this winter, you know. She's had a magnificent offer from Manager G. — of the 'Bar of Soap' company!"

Through the hours of the manicure girl are long and the salaries small, but it is any wonder that there is always a waiting list of applicants for the vacancies which sometimes occur?—New York Letter in Boston Journal.

OLD CLOTHES IN DEMAND.

Secondhand Dealers Find It Difficult to Stock Up This Year.

The demand for old clothes appears to be looking up so far as New York is concerned. I do not know whether it is because of the recent election and the consequent of betting on the wrong ticket or the melancholy sequel of the last year's hard times, by reason of which men feel the necessity of wearing out their clothing instead of turning it over to the secondhand dealer.

If you should be accosted on Broadway a couple of times a trip by one of the secondhand dealers with the question whether you have any old clothes to sell, it may not be taken as an indication that your attire is out of date and coveted by the trade, but that the trade is running short of stock and is pushing out for a fresh supply. It is better to consider the attention a subtle flattery, that you have the appearance of an individual who doesn't care for dress and are likely to have a score of better treasures hanging up in closets for the moth to feed upon.

Twice on a single afternoon last week, while conversing with a friend on Broadway, I was accosted by sharp looking young men in the interests of the secondhand trade. My friend was inclined to resent the intrusion. He said it was getting too hot for him when he was beset by old clothes men every time he stepped on Broadway.

"Is there anything out of the way about me?" he inquired, looking himself over critically. "That is the second time you've asked me that question today."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the solicitor for the secondhand clothing house. "We didn't want the suit you have on."

We walked fully a block before my friend realized what I was laughing at, but when the humor of it finally permeated his intellectual system he took me in for a glass of vichy and milk.—New York Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.

HE BATTERED HIS OWN CLOTHES.

Bright Cook Succeeded in Getting the Better of Him.

A citizen of Kiev, Russia, found fault with the dinner prepared by his new cook and rashly embodied his criticism in cutting sarcasms. The young woman heard him in silence. In the evening he knocked up against a man in a deserted little street, and when he ventured to remonstrate he was vigorously assaulted. Unable to get the better of his adversary, he determined to do what he could at least to identify him later on, and with this object in view tore his assailant's fashionable clothes into shreds. On his return home, some few hours later, he found the cook standing at the door, ready to shake the dust of his house off her feet. The gentleman, whose wounds and bruises left him in no very amiable mood, simply said: "Joy be with you! Some time will pass before you get another place. And as for character—well, trust me to give you one that will stick."

On the following morning he discovered that his best clothes in the wardrobe were in tatters and his glossy silk hat an unsightly wreck. Hastily summoning the other servants to the room, he angrily asked them what they knew about the matter, whereupon the nurse replied that the cook, in one of her freaks of fun, had donned her master's garments and gone out to walk in them the evening before, sticking on an artificial mustache to help to keep up the illusion. Then it dawned upon the wretched man that his assailant of the day before was the toady, turbulent cook. Less than a fortnight later he received a letter through the city post informing him, in somewhat ungrammatical but understandable language, "You had asked the place, respected sir, when you said I could not get another if I left you. I've been in five different places since then, and I'll be going to the sixth next Monday. Trusting your bones isn't aching, I remain, Praskovia."

—San Francisco Argonaut.

The bones of very aged persons are said to have a greater proportion of lime than those of young people.

THE BOYNTON SHIELD.

Said to Be Better Than Herby Dowe's Bullet Proof Cuirass.

The Dowe mail coat, still in process of perfection, is already to be supplanted by the Boynton shield, says Arms and Explosives, an English journal. The shield is nothing more than a steel plate a foot square, which weighs just eight pounds. It is made in such a way that it can be suspended from the rifle of a soldier, and it will always maintain a vertical position, no matter at what angle the gun is held. Standing or kneeling, the soldier is protected to a large extent behind the plate. When in a kneeling position, he is almost entirely protected by the plate, which, instead of interfering with his aim, helps him to sight. The barrel of the gun fits into a groove at the top of the plate, and by means of slides at the ends a number of plates can be strung together, thus forming a veritable "Chinese wall" for a row of riflemen.

The "Revue de l'Armement Militaire" pronounced the Boynton shield just as serviceable as the Dowe cuirass and even more effective.

"DEVIL ANSE" PRESIDED.

A Barbecue at Which a Noted Vendetta Leader Mastered the Ceremonies.

The other day the people of Logan county, W. Va., held a grand barbecue to celebrate the division of the county. Tables were spread in the street, and all traffic was suspended. Hundreds of stalwart mountaineers came in with their wives and children from the region roundabout. Eight big black bears had been shot within a mile or two of the town, and their carcasses, served in barbecue style, were the piece de resistance of the feast. The bears were flanked and surrounded with roasted and baked possums, wild turkeys, pheasants, quail, rabbits and all sorts of domestic fowls. Potatoes by the barrel were roasted, and pumpkin pies by the hundred lined the tables. Hard cider was the beverage.

Devil Anse Hatfield, the noted leader of the Hatfield-McCoy vendetta, was master of ceremonies. He stood at the head of the table with a hat open beside him, from which the butts of three big revolvers protruded. Though there is a generous price set upon Devil Anse's head, it is said there was not a disturbing word spoken and that the barbecue was a great success. The popular satisfaction with the presiding officer largely grew out of the fact that there are over a score of graves on the adjacent hillside testifying to his deadly skill with those pistols.—New York Tribunes.

The Chinchilla.

The tiny chinchilla, not more than 12 inches long, with a plump little body on short, stout legs, thrives only in the tropics. New York's supply of chinchilla skins comes from Peru and Venezuela chiefly. The little beasts have to be killed with the utmost precaution not to injure their fur, that grows on a skin nearly as tender and soft as a web of silk. They are not common animals nor abundant in their South American haunts, so that a perfect chinchilla skin when it arrives, commands a high price in New York, easily fetching \$10 or \$12 for its hand's breadth of fur. To keep in good condition the delicate pelt and the making up of small bits into the large barrel shaped muffs and circular cape collars worn this season easily make a chinchilla wrap more costly than ermine or sable. A perfect skin, not larger than a mouse's, makes a chief, in a revolution in fur growth. The texture of every hair is finer than flax silk, the length of it nearly an inch and the coloring about that of the soft undyed marabout feathers.—New York Sun.

A Historic Highway.

Massachusetts avenue, from Dorchester to the battlefield of Concord, through Boston, Cambridge, Arlington and Lexington, is a magnificent drive on a pleasant day, with a moderately dry roadbed and the absence of flying dust. More points of historic interest are in view in this continuous avenue of 20 miles than in any similar excursion route in the country, not excepting St. George's avenue, the anti-Revolutionary military road that traverses New Jersey 100 miles between the cities of New York and Philadelphia, passing through Newark, Rahway and Trenton.—Boston Budget.

—Greek Arabian Recipes.

Strange stories are told of the Dokos who live among the moist, warm bamboo woods to the south of Kaffa and Sussa in Africa. Only 4 feet high, of a dark olive color, savage and naked, they have no fire. They live only on ants, mice and serpents, diversified by a few roots and fruits. They let their nails grow long, like talons, the better to dig for ants and the more easily to tear in pieces their favorite snakes. The Dokos used to be invaluable as slaves, and they were taken in large numbers. The slave hunters used to hold up bright colored cloths as they came to the bamboo woods, where these human monkeys still live, and the poor Dokos could not resist the attractions offered by such superior people. They crowded round them and were taken in thousands. In slavery they were docile, attached, obedient, with few wants and excellent health. These queer people have one fault—a love for ants, mice and serpents and a speaking to Yer with their heads on the ground and their heels in the air. Yer is their idea of a superior power, to whom they talk in this comical manner when they are dispirited or angry or tired of ants and snakes and longing for unknown food.—Popular Magazine.

The British political campaign, which for weeks has been too dull to arouse the slightest popular interest, has at length suspended until midwinter. The queen's speech at the prorogation is much more significant than usual. It contains an important intimation regarding the strained relations with the French republic, which caused the greatest alarm in the foreign office a few days previous.

French aggression in west Africa had recently become so threatening that England was almost forced to the conclusion that it was intended to be an open affront. The news has at length come that the French troops occupied Kumassi, the capital of Ashanti, last month, and it is believed that the English government possesses information of a still bolder invasion of British territory. Now that parliament has adjourned the country will be deprived of official news of this and other foreign complications during the remainder of the year.—New York Sun's London Letter.

COSTLY INSOLENT.

Some Things, at Least, Are Well Done in the Case of the Dominions.

A want of politeness is a disadvantage at St. Petersburg. In one of the principal streets in that city is a large fruitshop belonging to a very wealthy merchant, who, besides selling fruit, keeps an elegant restaurant in the same building and occupying a position directly behind the shop.

Two young officers of the guard the other day entered, had lunch together, and after paying their bill both went out. They had, however, only proceeded a short distance when one of them missed his pocketbook, and thinking that he might have left it in the restaurant where he and his friend had lunch, returned and asked politely if any one had seen it. The proprietor himself, a millionaire, came on the scene, and after giving expression to some objectionable remarks said that it might well be doubted whether the young officer possessed such an article as a pocketbook.

The officer complained to the police, and ultimately the matter reached the prefect, who, regarding it as an insult to the imperial uniform, caused the restaurant to be at once locked up, the doors sealed and prohibited the proprietor from longer catering to the public taste.—St. Petersburg Correspondent.

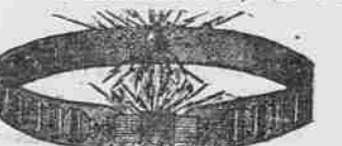
The Cat Question Settled.

The question why cats fall on their feet was solved Wednesday to the satisfaction of the French Academy of Sciences. A cat named Lévy gave a mathematical demonstration that a cat can by certain movements of its body turn round in the air without external assistance. His theorem is that a natural system can pivot on and by itself, if certain of its points have, in comparison with others, such a degree of liberty as to describe curves without hampering the movement of the other points of the system. A gymnast, writing to The Temps, gives the same explanation. Just as an acrobat, he says, turns his somersaults in the air by pressing his chin on his breast and his knees on his thorax, thus making the center of gravity pass from one point to another, so the cat, a born acrobat, is equally expert.—Paris Letter.

A Tyrannical Landlord.

According to Mr. Labouchere in London Truth, the Duke of Beaufort, one of the most tyrannical of the landlords of England, assumes to dictate all the affairs of the town of Stoke-Gifford. His grace took objection to the election of Admiral Closs as a churchwarden and served notices to quit on the tenant farmers who voted for him. The duke afterward announced that he would withdraw the notices only on condition that the farmers should not suffer. The admiral did resign. It now appears that Admiral Closs himself was a tenant of the duke, and he also received a notice to quit his house, which has just expired. He has practically been evicted because he was chosen churchwarden without ducal approval.

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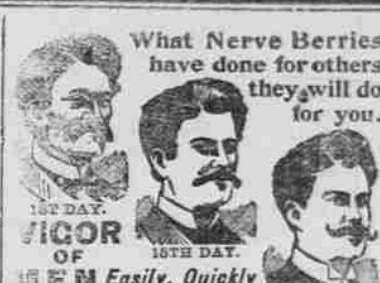
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No. 6, For Springville, Thistle, San-

pete and Sever, 8:50 p. m.

No. 8, For Springville, Thistle, San-

pete and Sever, 6:30 p. m.

LEAVE PROVO FOR WEST.

No. 1, For Salt Lake City, Ogden, Am-

erican Fork, Lehi and West, 11:55 a. m.

No. 3, For Salt Lake City, Ogden, Am-

erican Fork, Lehi and West, 10:15 p. m.

No. 5, For American Fork, Lehi, Salt

Lake City and Ogden, 9:35 p. m.

No. 7, For American Fork, Lehi and

Salt Lake City, 8:50 p. m.

ARRIVE PROVO FROM EAST AND

SOUTH.

No. 1, From Denver, Grand Junction

and points East, 11:55 a. m.

No. 3, From Denver, Grand Junction

and points East, 10:15 p. m.

No. 5, From Springville, Thistle, San-

pete and Sever, 8:50 p. m.

No. 7, From Springville, Thistle, San-

pete and Sever, 6:30 p. m.

Payson and Bureau, 8:50 a. m.

ARRIVE AT PROVO FROM WEST.

No. 2, From California, Ogden, Salt

Lake City, Lehi and Am.

Fork, 9:20 a. m.

No. 4, From California, Ogden, and

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